SHORT HISTORICAL PLAYS AND FARCES,

FOR

COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

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Copy 1

FOR MALE CHARACTERS.

Number 2.

CATILINE.

An Historical Play,

IN THREE ACTS.

THE RIVAL RUNNERS.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

ARTHUR J. O'HARA, A.M.,

Ex-President of the Literary Society of St. Francis Xavier's Church, N.Y.

New York:

STEPHEN MEARNS, PUBLISHER,

NO. 73 BARCLAY STREET.

1883.

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INTRODUCTION.

It affords me pleasure to give this brief introduction to the second number of these plays, now published in consequence of the merited welcome given to those of the first number.

I am glad to know that the experiment of the author has met with a marked success, and trust that he will enlist an equal sympathy by his present dramatic efforts.

As to the literary merit of his work, the public must judge.

For myself, I rest content with repeating substantially what I wrote in my former introduction: that I was present at the performance of these plays, that they pleased me and the audience very much, and that I do not hesitate to recommend them as valuable acquisitions to this branch of literature.

Furthermore, I hope that the reception given to these dramas will encourage the author to publish others now written, and possessing likewise the advantages of brevity and facility of representation.

THEO. THIRY, S.J.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LUCIUS SERGIUS CATILINE,
CAIUS CETHEGUS,
LUCIUS CASSIUS,
PUBLIUS AUTRONIUS,
CAIUS MANLIUS,
PUBLIUS CORNELIUS LENTULUS,
} *Conspirators.*

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, *Consul.*

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, *Prætor-elect.*

QUINTUS METELLUS,
MARCUS PETREIUS,
SEXTUS,
} *Officers of the Roman Army.*

FÆSULANUS, *an Officer of Catiline's Army.*

Senators, *Soldiers*, *etc.*

SCENE OF THE PLAY: ACTS I. and II.: *Rome.* ACT III.: *Fesulæ.*
TIME: ACTS I. and II.: B. C. 63. ACT III.: B. C. 62.

CATILINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A house in Rome.*

Enter CETHEGUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cethegus. You're constant, then, in your resolve, good friend,
To stand with us? You know our noble work—
A fitting task for worthy sons of Rome—
To sweep from place and life, at one bold stroke,
The men who sway the destinies of Rome.
Cassius. It is a bloody work. Nay, do not start,
As if the words flowed from a coward heart,
Distilled by awe of those who empire hold
Within this Rome of ours. You know me well;
Look in this face of mine, and tell me, true,
Canst thou trace aught of fear within its lines,
Or quail these eyes beneath thy searching glance?
Cethegus. No need of that: I know thy worth too well;
I will not look.
Cassius. Nay, man, but now thou must!
Cethegus. To please thee, then, since thou wilt have it so.
I am content. It is a Roman's face,
And this a Roman's hand. Give it, once more,
In earnest of our pact.

Cassius. I do not dread the work ; yet I do dread
The means whereby we must attain the end.
Why not by open means o'ercome our foes,
And save the State? Why not stand out as men
Before our foes, and throw the gauntlet down ?
Will not the people rise our cause to aid,
If thus we act ?

Cethegus. When thou dost seek an end,
Weigh well thy means, for if they lighter be
Than that thou wouldst attain, give o'er the work,
Stand still the scales, nor sink they one slight jot,
Till thou hast weighted down the scale of means
To equal that of end. Apply the rule
To this night's work, and then an answer give
To that you ask. We cannot, Cassius, hope
To shake our foes from power by common means,
Since they the vantage hold. Nor base your hopes
Upon the people's help. The people shout
For victor's cause, be that cause just or not ;
They know no higher test of right and wrong
Than that of might. The people—name them not !
The victor of to-day's their very god,
Before whose throne they bend their servile necks ;
Yet if to-morrow's sun shall see him fall,
They'll trample him to earth and mock his fate ;
While from their throats pour forth most ringing shouts
For him who then will bear the victor's palm.

Cassius. Where, then, your trust, if once the people fail
To throw their fortunes in the scale with us ?
Cast them aside, contemn them if you will,
Let what you say of fickle minds be true,
(And much, methinks, of truth your words contain,)
Yet what do they but follow in the path
Which greater men have made, which greater feet
Have trod ? They shout, you say, the victor's name,
The vanquished mock and jeer ; they hail the man
Upon whose brow the victor's crown doth rest,
Unmindful of the means which placed it there :

Destroying war, wan famine in its train,
With all the woes that war and famine breed,
To curse our race, and lift some men to power :—
Well, grant all this. Look to their betters, man,
The leaders of their fellow-men. Mark them !
What bows their heads, what claims their willing aid,
If not success ? Paugh ! name them not, good sir ;
For when did tyrants want the cultured help
Of those who claim that title,—truly great,—
The leaders of their kind ?

Cethegus. Thou speakest well !
And now apply your rule to your own acts,
And win success, nor falter at the means ;
But win success, and though your hands be red,
Aye, dripping red with blood—with human blood—
Success will wash them clean, and men will grasp,
In friendly grip, those death-entailing hands.
Stand constant, then ; be like the lion now.
See, now, our leader comes ! Mark thou him well !
No fear upon that face, nor in those eyes
The shadow of one thought begot of fear !

Enter CATILINE *and the other conspirators.*

Cethegus. Hail, Catiline ! We hope 'tis well with thee !

Catiline. Hail, Romans, hail !
We do rejoice to see you early here,
As if your hearts were rebels to delay,
And leaped for that great time when lurid glows
That flame which we must light. Come, then, good friends,
And counsel take. To-night, to night, good sirs,
Begins a work, a work whereof the end,
Be that end what it may,—and what it may
The gods alone can tell,—but, good or ill,
It shall go down to all the sons of Rome,
Joined with our names, for them to bless or curse,
As they shall judge the motives of our work.

Manlius. What is that work ?

Catiline. Whate'er you shall decree.
Speak out your minds, like Romans, then, good friends;
Nor waste the night with aught of empty speech;
For 'tis a country's fate we now decide—
The fate of Rome: and in that fate is bound
Our own: our lives, our hopes, our fondest dreams
Of empire and of fame.
Lentulus. And add, revenge
For all the burning wrongs that we have borne
From those who call themselves the heads of Rome.
Catiline. Fear not: for every wrong that we have felt
We'll bloody payment ask, and gain it too.
Autronius. Would you remove our foes by death?
Catiline. Why not?
It is the safer and the surer way.
All other means, what though they potent be,
Yet leave a void, a hope, a fear, a dread
That that we would put down may yet rise up
In all its pristine force. But death, ah, death!
That stills a foe, nor leaves a doubt behind,
To shadow our bright path! Give life, give hope;
For while yet lasts that mystery of life,
Still lives within the human heart bright hope.
Live, then, our foes,—though conquered foes they be,—
They still are foes, and in their very chains,
Which bind their bodies but leave free their souls,
They'll plot, and plot, and plot while life remains,
To gain their former place.
Autronius. 'Tis very just.
Then let no doubting middle course obtain.
Conspiracy is ripe; now let us pluck
The fruit. Show, then, to every man his place—
To each his duty teach. Then let us hence;
For minutes now seem hours, and hours seem days,
And days expand to weeks, for each brave heart
Who waits the strife.
Lentulus. Nor let us tarry long.
Autronius. I have a score to pay: The consul's seat,

Snatched from my grasp by those base curs
Who lord it now in Rome. Where is our blood,
The boasted stream that flows within our veins,
If we lie down before our foes ?—our foes,
Led on by one who cannot boast of race,
A pliant tool to men who mock his birth.
Cethegus. Of Cicero you speak ?
Autronius. Why, yes, of him
Who hates our rank and us, of him I speak ;
Although his very name inflames my heart,
And sends the life-blood coursing through my veins.
He stands among our foes indeed the chief ;
He holds the power which I myself should hold :
The consul's place. Whate'er we do this night,
Let this be surely done—that he must fall.
Catiline. Fear not : his time is brief.
Autronius. I thank thee, gods !
How does he die ?
Lentulus. More nobly than his due.
Two Roman knights shall give his spirit rest
From earthly cares.
Autronius. Though sharp these Roman swords,
They cannot sharper be than my sharp hate ;
Though deep they drink the proud usurper's blood,
They cannot drink more deep than I would wish.
Manlius. You say the hour has come : Then show the plans
From which we now must build. What place is mine?
Lentulus. A worthy place for such a worthy man.
For Fesulæ this very night set out,
And hold the troops, by thee in secret raised,
Prepared for war. 'Twill come, old friend, in time
To keep in play those good old hands of thine.
Manlius. Though old these hands, they yet can grasp the sword
As true as in my long passed younger days.
Give, then, the word for war, nor long delay
To call our troops to fight. For them I'll speak ;
But no ! I'll let them speak by their own deeds,
Which deeds, when comes the time, shall never shame

A Roman's name!

Catiline. Thy speech the man becomes;
Thy acts, we know, not less than words shall speak.

Manlius. And where shall noble Catiline be found?

Catiline. I shall be found wherein I should be found—
Here, here in Rome. I'll face the bloodhounds here,
And tear from them their fangs. Here fall the heavy blows
Which we must strike to gain our lofty end.
The lives which cross our path within old Rome,
Within that Rome by us must find an end.
You rouse the ire of all the conquered tribes,
And feed them fat with hope of sweet revenge;
Win o'er the veterans too; their squandered means
For tumult makes them thirst, as parchéd lips
For purling waters long, so thirst those men
For gold. We'll slake their thirst, and let them quaff,
From out our foemen's wells, a golden draught—
A double draught, good sirs, of wealth and blood.

Autronius. Who of the Senate have been marked for death?

Catiline. Who of the Senate are not found our friends.

Autronius. But few, indeed, our friends.

Catiline. Then few shall live;
For since it would bring pain to hostile hearts
To see us victors stand, we'll mercy show
By sparing them the sight.

Lentulus. What of the slaves,
And those for crime condemned? They'll help us well;
Put weapons in their hands; they'll do the rest,
Nor ask for guides to teach them how to strike.

Autronius. They'll serve our purpose well.

Cethegus. 'Tis wisely thought.

Cassius. We could not seek more tried and willing hands
For bloody work.

Catiline. We shall not seek such help.
Come, do not start, but hear me out, I pray!
You do not know what you propose, good friends;
You do not think that ours' a freemen's fight,
And though we sink to dark and doubtful means,

They must be means which freemen still can use.
Lentulus. All means which forward help our cause are good.
In such a work as this there is no room
For feelings such as yours.
Catiline. Then hark again :
Do that you would : put weapons in those hands—
Crime-stained and servile hands !—Then look you well ;
The hands which strike for you to-day a blow,
Ere long may strike a blow at your own forms !
No, no, good friends ; though dark our deep designs,
We must not darker make by such base tools.
Lentulus. But look you to the end ?
Catiline. Now, now, good friend !
Come, change the course ; the time to act is nigh ;
One parting word, and then let each man hence,
If there of words be need for such brave souls ;
For sure I am that none will falter now,
When well they weigh the cause. Look round you, men,
If goads you need to spur you to your work ;
Mark well your foes, who call themselves the State ;
They hold the power which you yourselves must seek ;
They hold the wealth which you yourselves must grasp ;
And that you will that wealth and power attain
The gods may send ! Hence, Romans, then, get hence !
Let speech for deeds make way. Speak now your swords !
Come, raise them high, and may the gods give heed
While each man swears adherence to our cause !
Omnes. Unto our cause we swear !
Cethegus. And now, good night !
Catiline. Good night, good friends, good night ! [*Exeunt.*
The day doth break,
And so doth break another day for Rome ;
True, Rome's brave sons a robust body make,
But yet without a head. I'll be that head,
And on the ruins, which we needs must make,
Will rise a Rome—a Rome so grand and great
That all the means whereby the end's attained
Shall be forgot when men the end do see. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Jupiter. The Senate assembled*

Cicero. Ye noble fathers of our noble State,
I see your eyes flash out your inward thoughts,
And ask the cause of this most sudden call,
Within the temple of great Jove himself,
Kept sacred by our laws, till that dark hour
When danger great the commonwealth assails.
Why have I called? I have not called you here,
But Rome has called, that you may treason strike!
You've heard the proofs! You know the horrid plot,
Which Catiline has planned against our lives,
And, in those lives, against the life of Rome!
Now, then, for sentence, lift each man his voice!
Catiline. Stay yet! I claim my right to speak!
Cicero. Ye gods!
Can this be true, that treason braves us here,
Within this sacred spot? Alas! the times
And morals foul which such a scene permit!
How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse
Our patience, sorely tried? How long, alas!
Shall we stand here to see thy fury mock
The majesty and power of Rome? Go forth!
Your friends await the coming of their chief!
Catiline. What power shall send me forth? Thy speech, forsooth!
Dost, consul, think that words alone
Can drive a Roman out, and place a brand
Of crime upon his brow?
Cicero. Not words alone
Shall drive you forth, but loathsome deeds!
Catiline. And well they should, if such foul deeds were mine!
Cicero. And are they not? Can you dissemble here,
And in this sacred spot make blacker still
Thy crime-gloomed soul? Is treason not enough,
That perjury you call unto its aid?

Catiline. Rail on! I know full well I cannot hope
To change your mind! Say what I will or do,
Your hostile heart for ill construes my acts.
But I shall seek a judge more just than thou,
And little doubt that I shall justice find.
Cicero. A juster judge!
Catiline. A juster judge! Sneer on!
I said that I should seek a juster judge,
And so I do! From you I turn to Rome,
Which, in the person of the Senate here,
Shall judge my cause! Now, fathers, give me heed,
Nor steel your hearts by this plebeian's talk.
His jealous soul would bring a noble low,
Within whose veins doth flow a blood made rich
By noble deeds of still more noble sires!
His bloody hand would strike a Roman down,
Whose sword has never failed to meet Rome's foes!
His bitter speech would drive a Roman forth,
To whom the fate of Rome has ever been
The highest thought! Now, conscript fathers, judge
If treason grows in such a soil!
Cicero. They judge!
Their silence speaks more strong than strongest words
Their judgment of your course! No friends are they
To traitors such as you! Now shall they speak,
And speak so clear, you cannot fail to know
How treason fares at their most august hands.
Now, let the Senate give its vote!
Catiline. One word!
Senators. No! no! No treason here! Go forth!
Catiline. Yet hear—
Senators. Hence! traitor, hence!
Cicero. Lictors, your work!
Catiline. Hold! lictors, hold! I shall not need your aid!
I know the road that leads forth from this spot!
You drive me forth! I see you're masters now,
And hence I yield, because forsooth I must!
You drive me forth, and wear the victor's smile—

And well you may ! Yet may there come an hour,
When I shall stand where I am humbled now,
And see you crouch as crouch the stricken curs
Beneath the lash ! I go ! When I return:
Look to your safety, then, my noble lords !

[*Exit, amid cries of Traitor! and Parricide! from the Senators.*

Cicero. The traitor flees ! Now, seek each man his home,
And voice his thanks to the immortal gods !

Scene II.—*A Street in Rome.*

Enter Cicero *and* Cæsar.

Cæsar. What mean those shouts that from the people rise ?
As I did pass along the streets of Rome
The voice of each did with his neighbor's vie
To shout your name. What has the consul done
To stir the sons of Rome ?

Cicero. What have I done !
I've sent a traitor hence who dare not stand
Before the proofs which showed his awful guilt.
With threats of fire and sword he madly rushed
Forth from the Forum, which his presence cursed,
Balked in his plans, his sword as yet undyed
With noble blood. Well, let him seek his crew ;
His power is broken now, since he did plan
To lead in Rome the counsels of his band.

Cæsar. 'Tis Catiline you mean. Has he then gone ?

Cicero. He has. Well may the people, Cæsar, shout
That such a foe far from our city flees.

Cæsar. The people's shouts are cheaply bought at times ;
Their simple minds are swayed by winning words.

Cicero. What, Cæsar, mean your words ? Where do you stand ?
Or is it true that you can sink so low—
So low as those debased and shipwrecked men
Who o'er our bodies would to power rise ?
Why stay you, then ? Go join your friends, good sir !

Cæsar. Come, spare your taunts, nor let your anger grow ;
No traitor's friend am I. But must I shout
Because the rabble toss their caps on high,
And loudly shout for that they know not what ?
The people grasp the mental food that's cast
Into their waiting mouths by men like you—
Of winning speech. They lack the mind to pause
And weigh your words ; they lack the skill to judge
The pleas you may advance. I am not such.
Trained like yourself, to law and letters bred,
I do not rest with words—I must have proof !

Cicero. You shall have proof, and such a proof 'twill be
That, did you wish to change the truth itself,
The proof would make you pause.

Cæsar. I am content.
The consul's word that such a proof exists,
I ask no more.

Cicero. Then take the consul's hand,
For 'tis an hour when we the aid must seek
Of ev'ry loyal soul.

Cæsar. I take thy hand !
Hear what thou wilt, believe whate'er thou mayst,
Still Cæsar is thy friend. No traitor he,
But true as is that noble heart of thine,
Which throbs with love for our great ancient State,
It is not yet more true than mine own heart,
In proof of which take thou once more this hand.
Though all may fail, yet this believe most true,
That Cæsar stands with thee, or with thee falls !

Cicero. Most noble son of Rome, 'tis nobly said !
If in my speech or thought I did offend,
Recall the times—those thrice-accursed times—
When men whose place should be to save the State,
But strive to break it down. For common foes,
Why common means avail. They stand without,
Nor wear the mask of friends. But now, alas !
It is not ours to war with common foes ;
'Tis with our own, of our old Roman race,

A misled band, by hate and plunder led ;
Ambitious men, who failed by honest means
To rise to power ; and failing thus, would rise,
Aye, tho' it be upon the corpse of Rome !
What wonder, then, if in a friend I see
The semblance of a foe ? For I am Rome's—
Her son, her slave. For her, my hopes, my fears ;
For her, my life, if that her weal demands ;
For what is life, if once that country falls ?

Cæsar. It shall not fall while such a man as thou
Dost live to aid her cause. But if you fall
By traitor hands—which deed, the gods forbid !—
Yet lives the State ; thy life, thy acts, thy words,
Shall keep alive within each Roman heart
The love of fatherland, and breed deep hate
For all who are her foes.

Cicero. Thou noble friend,
I do not know how I could wrong thee thus
When I did mouth those bitter words of mine ;
Forgive the words ; remember but the cause—
My love of Rome.

Cæsar. I do forget thy speech,
For well I know the cause that brought it forth—
Thy love of Rome. What though the times be dark ?
Cheer up thy soul ! With thee still many loyal hearts ;
And though thy foes be strong, yet shalt thou live
To see them fall.

Cicero. Thanks, noble friend, all thanks.
Thou still art young, but in thine eyes,
Those outlets of the soul, I see the coming man ;
Thy country, sir, shall know thee yet, and well ;
Her foes shall know thee too, and know with fear ;
And foes and friends far, far beyond our day,
Shall tell your name and wide proclaim your deeds.

Cæsar. How much of truth those words of thine contain
I cannot, consul, tell, but this I know :
That what for me thy friendly words do wish,
Come though they may or no, they are the deeds

Which I would do for Rome.
Cicero. Then let us hence,
And make our plans to thwart the rebel horde !
Cæsar. The chiefest danger's o'er. We're free in Rome.
Cicero. Nay, do not count on that. The head is gone ;
The members still remain. We have them, though,
We have them in our grasp, and when we free
From out that iron grasp those traitor foes,
They shall as harmless be as suckling babes.
Cæsar. What, then, do you propose—to banish them ?
Cicero. A banishment that ne'er shall know an end,
From which no dread that one shall find his way.
Cæsar. You'll send them then—
Cicero. To death !
Cæsar. To death ? But stay.
You know the ancient law. A Roman's life
Is forfeit by the laws of Rome alone,
And these a Roman's life do hedge around
With many guards. Be cautious, consul, then,
Else in thy zeal to crush these present foes,
Thou mayst the law transgress, and thus create
Yet other foes of other kind. Beware !
Take all the means our laws do well afford,
Nor step beyond.
Cicero. The welfare of a State
At times doth call for means that cannot find
A sanction in the law. When rights conflict,
The lesser right must yield ; and so 'tis now.
Between a traitor's and a nation's life,
Shall I make pause for choice ? That choice is made
The traitor's life must yield. Art thou content ?
Cæsar. I am content in this—to follow thee.
If thou dost err, 'tis in a noble cause,
And though thy acts may pass beyond the law,
They shall not fail the people's minds to win
When they weigh well the cause.
Cicero. They shall not fail !
Come, now, thy hand, and let us hence, good friend

There's work as yet undone before we feel
That all is well.
Cæsar. May all be well, ye gods,
That from your lofty heights look down on Rome ;
Her sons protect, her traitor foes dispel.
Cicero. So may it be ! So shall, so must it be,
When noble hearts like thine are willing found
To nobly stand their country's faithful friends.
Plot, Treason, then, within thy darksome walls,
Against our lives, whate'er and when thou wilt :
Be strong in men and means, thou'lt ever lack
The power that makes a nation truly great—
Her subjects' love.
Cæsar. The Senate waits.
Cicero. The Senate waits ! 'Tis Rome that waits. She shall not wait us long ;
We come. Thy voice is as a mother's voice—
Cæsar. And at that mother's voice her children come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Fesulæ.*—*The Camp of* CATILINE.

Enter CATILINE *and* MANLIUS.

Catiline. What now, old friend ? There's gloom within thy looks ;
What's gone amiss ?
Manlius. Our day draws near its close.
Across our path deep fall the shadows now,
For in my heart there's something seems to say
We near the end, but not the end we sought.
Catiline. Is this a time to let your spirits fall,
When they should be most strong ? It grieves me, man,
That in this hour, when press our foes around,
And press they strong, that thou shouldst lose thy heart.
Manlius. And if my heart I lose, it is for thee ;

For thee I grieve, not for myself—oh, no!
This worn frame has lived its fated time,
And soon must in the course of nature, sink
Back to the earth from which it first arose;
But thou hast youth, and many years shouldst see,
To serve thy country well.
Catiline. And so I shall,
If so the gods but grant.
Manlius. And may they grant!
Catiline. You bring me news: I see it in your face;
Out with it, man! Let it be what it may,
I'll bear it well.
Manlius. A pardon comes from Rome
For all our troops;—but not for you and me.
Catiline. The Senate's kind! Well, what say our brave men?
Will they this pardon take?
Manlius. No, not a soul.
I have not found in all our force a man
Who would your cause desert.
Catiline. I thank the gods!
Come what may come,—and that it soon may come
I do believe,—yet this shall never come:
That I shall lack for friends. Speak once again!
Tell me that news once more!
Manlius. Aye, would I that,
Did but the time permit. Your foes advance!
The battle's on—our men do but await
Your call to arms!
Catiline. They shall not wait it long.
Get hence, good friend; and where the foe doth press
With greatest force, there let the eagle stand,
Which once the noble Marius proudly bore,
When he did crush the foreign foes of Rome.
Now let it stand while Roman foes are crushed!
Manlius. Now, Catiline, farewell! We may not meet
Upon this earth again. We may not grasp
Each other's hand till we shall meet beyond—
Beyond the grave!

Catiline. I do not share thy gloomy thoughts, old friend.
Yet will I grasp thy hand and say, farewell!
Farewell! Thou hast been true,
When other men proved false! Thou hast been strong,
When other men proved weak! Thou hast been brave,
When other hearts were cowed! Old faithful friend,
Farewell, farewell!

Manlius. Catiline, farewell! [*Exit.*

Catiline. Now nears the strife. If we this battle win
We yet may hope to gain our wished-for end;
And if we fail, by numbers great crushed down,
We'll fall at least like men. The battle's on;
I hear the clash of arms! My time has come;
Up, then, my sword! Another blow now make
For empire and revenge! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Fesulæ.—The field of battle.*

Enter PETREIUS *and several Soldiers.*

Petreius. The traitors yield at length. Speed, Romans, speed!
And let each weapon drink their traitor blood.

Sextus. They stand, they turn, they come; and see who leads!

Petreius. 'Tis Catiline himself! Stand, Romans, stand!

Sextus. Perchance he comes to yield?

Petreius. If so, 'twere well;
But do not so mistake his fiery soul
To think that he doth come to sue for peace.
Stand, soldiers, then; like Romans meet the foe!
And, when you strike, deep sink your trusty swords
Within each traitor breast, nor draw them forth
Till they have sought and found a traitor's heart,
And surely stilled for aye each treason throb!
Your country calls. Your children and your wives,
Their voices too are lifted up to-day
To cheer you on against the rebel horde,
Who make to-day a final stand 'gainst Rome.
Come, traitors, come! Our swords your bodies wait!

Enter CATILINE *and soldiers.*

Catiline. We come; we're ready at your call. What now?
I thought to cross my sword with him who leads.
Where is your consul's place? Let him stand forth!
'Tis Catiline that calls, and calls a foe
Full worthy of his steel.
Petreius. A worthy foe!
You seek a worthy foe? Look round you, then;
The humblest man that helps to swell our force
Is foeman meet for such a thing as you!
Catiline. 'Tis bravely said. Your lesson's learned well,
And you do mouth it as your masters might,
Whose slave you are. Yes, slave! start not;
You do not wear the bondsman's garb, 'tis true;
You're viler still, for your's the bondsman's heart!
Our slaves are free in thought. We cannot chain
That lofty boon, the mind. We cannot crush
The promptings of the heart by brutal force.
Slaves though they be, in this they are most free.
But you, with body free, are yet a slave,
Since you do bow you down in abject awe
To those who rule in Rome.
Sextus. Come, come, the fray!
How long must we endure this rebel's tongue!
Petreius. Oh, let him talk, his time is near at hand;
For now his forces break and backward fall.
Catiline. Shout not your triumph ere your triumph's gained.
Petreius. Shout treason you, and shout it while you may;
For when we lead you back in chains to Rome,
To grace our victor march, you'll humble be.
Catiline. Aye, when you lead, and when your chains bind fast,
I promise then I shall most humble be.
Petreius. Be humble now. Your sun is sinking fast,
For deeply fall the shadows o'er your path.
What can avail your further strife, if not
To steel the Senate's heart against your force?
And you—if for yourself you have no thought—

Give thought to those by you most blindly led
Into this traitor strife.

Catiline. Not blind are they,
Who bravely stand against such fearful odds,
And strike a final blow this fateful day.
They've counted well the cost, and bravely cast
Into this cause all that they hold most dear—
E'en life itself. And life itself they'll yield
Before the honor of their Roman souls.
Now trumpets sound, now bring your legions on!
What though our ranks are thinned? Our hearts are true;
And when we yield our bodies to your blows,
'Twill be in that same time when we shall yield
Our spirits back unto the ruling gods.

Petreius. And that shall quickly be. On, Romans, on,
And bear the traitors down!

[*Exeunt, fighting;* CATILINE'S *forces slowly retreating.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the field.*

Enter FÆSULANUS *and soldiers, supporting* CATILINE, *faint from wounds.*

Fæsulanus. Halt here, and let us rest our weary frames
In this secluded spot. The day is lost!
What now remains but that we safety seek
In flight?

Catiline [*reviving*]. Who speaks of flight? What man is that
Whose craven spirit yields?

Fæsulanus. No craven speaks,
But one whose sword has done its work to-day.

Catiline. Forgive me, noble friend; I know thee now,
And well I knew thy valiant work this day.
But why thy words of gloom? Why cry defeat?
Call up the troops, and seek the foe once more.

Fæsulanus. Alas, my lord, you see in us your force.
Of all that noble band, this feeble troop

Alone remains. How can we hope to stand
Before the might of Rome with triumph flushed?

Catiline. They are not victors yet. We shall not yield!
Few though we be, we yet are strong enough
To strike another blow, and seek to change
The issue of the fray. Give, then, my sword,
For now I feel new life within my veins,
And I am Catiline again. Come, then,
Brave remnant of my faithful band, come on,
And seek the field once more! Ye noble few,
Ye valiant men, renew your spirits now.

Soldiers. Lead on, lead on! We'll follow thee to death!

Catiline. Now let the soul of each be full as great
As if that soul did fill a host of men.
Now let the blows of each fall full as strong
As if each man were in himself a host,
Whose single strength might crush an army down,
And mock defeat. Now show yourselves as men,
When Death has thinned your ranks and o'er the plain
Your comrades bodies strew. Now grasp your swords:
The fight is on once more. Your foes approach:
They shall not find us here as if we shunned
Their blows. On to the field, ye noble souls!
There shall we still be found—there let us strike
For victory a final blow.

[*Exit, followed by soldiers cheering.*

Scene IV.—*Another part of the field.*

Enter Metellus *and soldiers.*

Metellus. Those traitors fight like valiant men! Why not?
They're Romans, like ourselves. Our very blood
Runs in their veins! I do not fear a foreign foe,
But when my sword doth cross a Roman's sword,—
(What though that Roman may a traitor be?)—
My soul doth shrink!

Enter SEXTUS *and soldiers.*

Ah! Sextus, what's the word?
Sextus. The day is ours!
Metellus. And how? The traitors flee?
Sextus. They cannot flee who lack the power to flee.
Metellus. Our prisoners, then?
Sextus. Not ours the chains to bind,
But stronger chains each foe doth strongly twine—
Such chains as never yet by men were broke.
Metellus. You cannot mean that all are dead?
Sextus. 'Tis true!
We stand upon the field, and stand alone.
Metellus. Then, Romans, sheathe your swords; their work is done.
[*To Sextus.*] You say that all are dead? Lives there not one?
Did Catiline, too, fall?
Sextus. He bravely fell:
Where raged the battle fierce, he nobly stood,
Far in advance. Though weak and faint from wounds,
His voice, above the battle's din, was heard,
To cheer his men: and, when he fell in death,
Still on his noble face was strongly stamped,
His proud, defiant soul!
Metellus. So ends our work. Far distant be the day
When we our swords shall draw in such a fight!
Here ends the work by gloomy deeds begun!
Sextus. A fitting end for such a bloody work!
It is the end which ev'ry man should meet
Who plots against his State. This man is dead,
And of the dead we should not speak but good:
So some have said. I do not see its truth;
I do not know that death doth change the course
Of evil deeds. Though Catiline be dead,
His evil deeds remain. Then let them stand,
That sons of Rome, in every age, may see
A traitor's plots—a traitor's fitting end!
Metellus. Thou speakest well, and truly speakest, too;

Yet must we still be just with our great foe.
His was a Roman heart, which could not brook
To play within the State a second part!
His was a lofty mind, well trained
In all that arms a man with mental power:
And makes him stand, among his fellows, prince!
Were but his heart as trained as was his mind,
His place should be the proudest in the State;
His name to future sons of Rome should be
A name to wake within their hearts a flame
Of love! But vice that lofty mind did warp,
And those great gifts, which, rightly used by man,
Make for his own and for his country's good,
By him were used to follow passion's voice.—
We see the end: The lurid flame which glowed,
When Catiline the fuel with hate did fire.
That flame is quenched now—now saved the State!

THE END.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BILL CHINNER, } *Steamboat Runners.*
BOB GRABEM, }

JOHN SIMPLE, a Countryman.

WM. ROBINSON, an Excursionist.

CAPTAIN CLUBEM, One of the Finest.

THE RIVAL RUNNERS.

SCENE—*Near a steamboat pier.*

Bill. Here you are! First boat for Rockaway! Hallo, Bob!

Bob. Lay low, there! Here comes the Captain of Police!

Captain. Look here, you men!

Both. Good day, Captain! How d'ye do? Hot weather!

Captain. None of your sweet palavering! I want you to understand one thing: If I find you, or either of you, or the whole of you, annoying passengers excessively, beyond the limits of endurance, I'll jug you! Do you hear?

Bill. I know you to be quite a juggler, Captain. But you wrong *me!* I wouldn't lay hands on a passenger for the world—not *I!*

Sings:

As you may very plainly see,
I'm gentle as a lamb;
And though my patience sore be tried,
I would not hurt a clam!
I am a very simple youth,
And only show the way
To those who seek relief and rest
At good old Rockaway!

Captain. Well, we'll see!

Bob. I would not molest a traveller for all the money in New York—not *I!*

Captain. I want you not to grab carpet-bags, or canes, or umbrellas, or force people on your boats.

Bob. Captain, you wound my feelings, indeed you do, by

hinting at the possibility of my doing such a thing! I assure you that

Sings:

I strive, with all my might and main,
To lead the folks aright;
For if they take that other tub,
They'll surely stay all night;
And as the 'skeeters round them sing,
And bite in grand array,
Oh! won't they *bless*, with words profane,
Their trip to Rockaway?

Captain. Now, that's all very well; but my private opinion is, there's a good deal of lying in poetry; so look sharp!

Bill. Captain, gentleness is one of my distinctive traits. Indeed, I might truly say, that for meekness and tenderness, I'm,—I'm,—well, I'm there every time, you bet!

Captain. You better prove true to your protestations, or before night you'll find yourself in a cell.

Bob. That would be a bad sell after a hard day's work, Captain.

Captain. That joke has a very ancient and minstrel's-like smell—spare us the repetition! and mind, no disorderly conduct, or, upon my honor, I'll take you in! [*Going.*]

Bob. Don't doubt it, Captain. You've a very taking way about you.

Bill. Well, I'm glad he has taken himself away, for it would ruin our business to have such a chap around. Now,—but here comes a victim! Looks like a countryman!

Enter SIMPLE.

Both. Fine day, sir! Warm weather! First boat for Rockaway!

Bill. Don't mind him, sir. Take the boat of the Lightning Express Line. Finest craft on the water!

Simple. But, gentlemen, allow me to—

Bob. Take your bag? Yes, sir; always happy to oblige our patrons. This way, sir!

Bill [*takes umbrella*]. This is your boat, sir. Take the Independent Popular Unfailing Fast Line. No rotten boilers on this line!

Simple. But, gentlemen—

Bob. Go away, and don't annoy the gentleman, you old boarding-house runner! you antiquated baggage smasher!

Simple. Gentlemen, allow me to say—

Bill. Never mind, sir; I'll say it for you. I know you want to be rid of that impertinent intruder!

Bob. Don't mind that scoundrel, sir! An escaped lunatic, sir—very dangerous! [*Simple moves in affright to Bob.*

Simple. Oh! protect me! I wish I was home!

Bob. Yes, sir; I'll protect you. Give me the gentleman's bag. [*Snatches it.*] Now, sir, step this way!

Simple. But, allow me to observe—

Bob. There she is, sir—a beauty, I assure you. Nothing on the river like her!

Simple. But, I want to explain—

Bob. No explanation necessary. I am not a bit offended that you did not come with me first.

Simple. But I feel that I ought—

Bob. No, you oughtn't! I will not accept an apology!

Simple. But I feel that I ought to tell you—

Bob. No need to tell me anything, my dear sir; I understand your feelings.

Simple. But I feel that I ought to tell you that I am not going to Rockaway!

Bob. Not going to Rockaway? What did you say? You old clod-hopper! you ugly-looking specimen of country—! Oh! Jupiter Pluvius! have I wasted all my time on you for nothing? Not going to Rockaway? Well, I be shot! Not going to Rockaway? Hold me up, Bill, or I'll faint! Where, then, are you going?

Simple. Now, don't be angry. I am going to Boston, to see my aunt Jerusha!

Both. Why didn't you say so before? you old withered cabbage-digger!

Simple. You wouldn't give me a chance. Good day, gentlemen. Many thanks for your attention. But, before I go, just let me say:

Sings:

When next you chickens run across
A verdant, such as me,
Just keep your piccadillys on:
Don't in a hurry be.
Although I'm from the country, boys,
I have been here before;
And if you come to Boston town,
I'll make you duffers roar!

Darned if I don't! I'd do it now, only I must not miss that boat, for my aunt Jerusha is waiting for me! Good day! *Good day!* GOOD DAY! [*Exit.*

Bob. Oh! Bill! oh!

Bill. Oh! Bob! oh!

Both. Oh! scissors!

Bob. Bill, I feel weak after that! Let us go around the corner and see a man! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBINSON, *singing:*

I fairly am exhausted! Oh!
My arm is almost broke!
For, when the ladies pack the grub
You bet they never joke.
I'm broken *down*, and quite used *up*—
My hair is turning gray;
Of all the hungry, hungry spots,
Just give me Rockaway!

Robinson. Well, I'm glad this tramp is near over. My arm is tired carrying this basket for the ladies. Bless the women, but they are nuisances!—I mean angels! They do pack a basket, to be sure! Think they were going to feed a regiment! Now, if some of those infernal and eternally noisy runners were around, they might help me with this market basket! Hallo! here we are!

Re-enter BILL *and* BOB.

Bill and Bob. First boat for Rockaway !

Robinson. How soon does your boat go ?

Bill. Five minutes, sir. Let me help you with your basket, sir ?

Bob. Don't mind him, sir. Ours is the first boat !

Bill [*takes basket*]. Come on, sir !

Robinson. Say, Mr.—

Bill. Chinner, sir? They called me Chinner because I am a poor talker. And so I am! Yes, I am ! I didn't talk much when an infant, and the defect stuck to me !

Bob. A—hem !

Robinson. Say, Mr. Chinner, one moment! Carry that carefully, because it contains something very dangerous !

Bill. What? Do tell me ?

Robinson. A young alligator! Now, don't put the basket down, or he'll jump out! Keep the basket up as high as you can ! Higher! Carry it gently ! Don't irritate the animal ! Keep cool !

Bill. Say—eh—eh ! will he bite?

Robinson. You bet he'll bite ! Be careful ! [*Exit Bill.*] [*To Bob*]. Well, that is a good way to take down that chap ! He won't be in a hurry to carry another provision basket ! [*Exit.*

Bob. I'm glad I didn't take that basket. I didn't want to take it, anyhow !

Enter BILL.

Bill. Oh ! Bob ! I'm glad that work is done ! Did you ever—

Bob. No, never !

Bill. What?

Bob. What yourself ? What are you talking about ?

Bill. Did you ever hear of a man taking a young alligator down to Rockaway, to give him a sniff of the salt breeze and a tumble in the water? That beats me !

Bob. Why, you goose ! you're sold ! That alligator was grub, cups, saucers, plates, etc.

Bill. Now, do you tell me? Well, I'm disgusted! I'll resign! I'm tired of this life! I'll make one trip to Rockaway! I'll get even with that fellow! I'll get hold of his coat, while he is in the water, and tie it so full of knots that he'll not be able to untie it for a week! Come, let us have some root beer! Hallo!

Enter CAPTAIN.

Captain. Hold on there, you lads!

Both. How do, Captain? How do? Ticket for Rockaway?

Captain. Yes, I guess I'll go, boys. I'm off duty, you see. To keep things straight, I'll go down on the Lightning Express Line, and come up on the Independent Popular Unfailing Fast Line. How is that?

Bill. Bully!

Bob. Bang up!

Captain. It is, then, agreed, this very day—

Bill. With joyous hearts we'll hie away—

Bob. And seek the shores of Rockaway!

All sing:

And now, to all, we say farewell!
The time has come to part;
Just hear! the steamer's bells do ring
The signal for the start!
And now, upon Manhattan isle
We can no longer stay!
We'll have to dust like fun, you bet,
To reach famed Rockaway!

THE END.

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